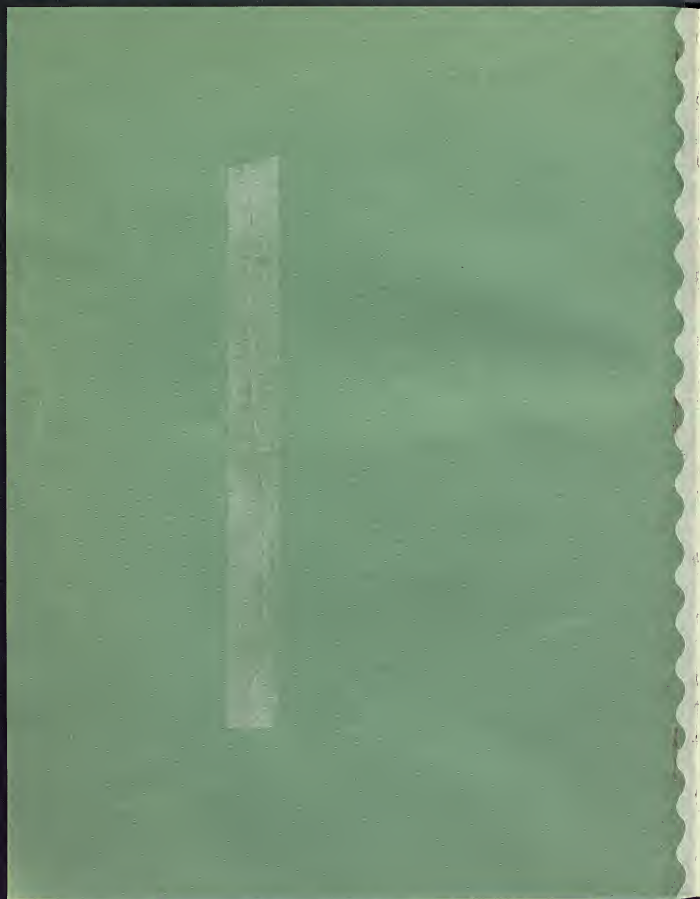


# WEST SAXON

AUTUMN 1936



# THE WEST SAXON

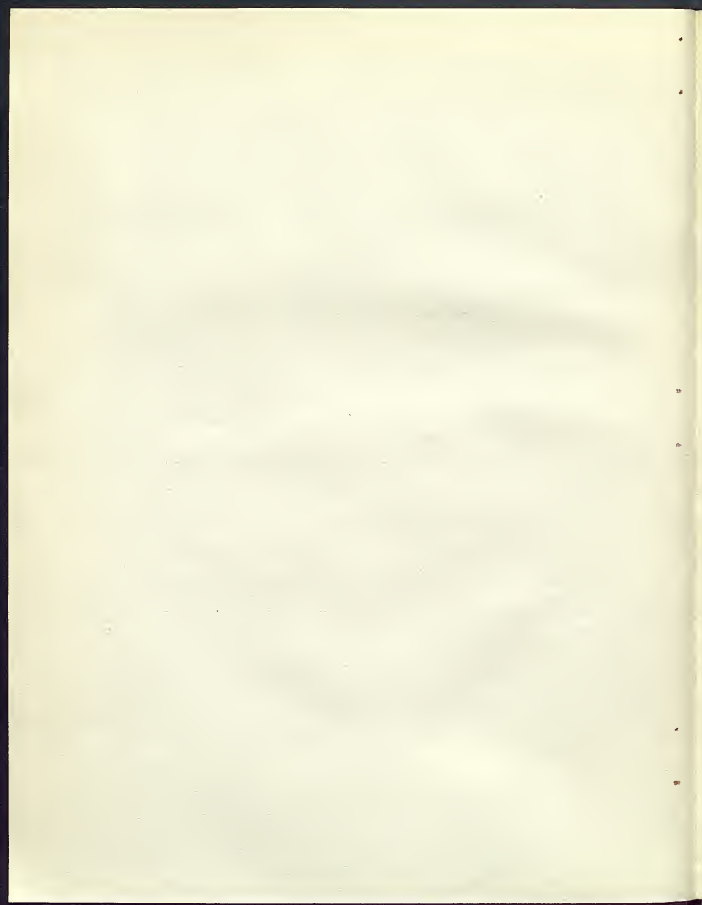
Autumn Term, 1936



University College, Southampton

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## THE EDITOR SPEAKS

“**W**hether in the body or out of the body,” we know not, and so are come to speak some of the thoughts of banishment.

Have College days been as rich and fruitful as youthful hopes pictured them? Why not? The student perhaps is not that rare creature of fire and rapture that every student should be, has not appetite or digestion to gulp down Plato and Pascal, geomorphology and the Early Perpendicular, Beethoven, the rumba and Disneyan technique, Einstein, Rodin and Marx. These would take some mastering. But think of the other things you mean or meant to push somehow into these crowded years; little interests and great art, adventurous living, pleasant dalliance, deep spells of solid work, long draughts of idleness, memorable tramps and holidays and sport. A thousand actualities spoil this vision, delay it, destroy it. Other students are not as responsive as they should be, could be; circumstances are not helpful; you yourself perhaps short of initiative or resolution.

That may not matter. But it does matter that you should have had these ideals; have understood that there is room in living for all the faculties of a university and for others not found there; have wished to encompass them all in your own life. It matters that you should live a full life in the years you spend in this Noah's Ark of young men and women. The world is old. At College stiffness of bone and brain is as far off as your own old age; once out of College it surrounds you like a threatening sea, you are isolated among the old and growing old. The daily task of earning a living can seem incredibly petty and aimless, an interminable filling up time, unless, as God forbid, a higher salary should be the highest heaven of your ambition. It matters that you should go from the university understanding its glorious life of fellowship and high aspirations too well to forget them in the 'sick hurry and divided aims' of everyday.

In our own College you can have all the pleasures of many enthusiasms shared. Small numbers are an advantage, for every-

one could know everyone else—if everyone would consent to be known. But there is not room for anyone to live a private life, detached from the common herd and its interests, for everyone loses by it. Other people's enthusiasms must often peter out under their own grey ashes unless backed by your sympathy and work, and your own possibilities may wither unused.

If there is one place where every side of College life could and should be brought together it is in the "West Saxon." There is no need now to use it for discussing points of such transient interest that its letters reply to forgotten provocation, for there is a weekly newspaper. But the College magazine should record the spirit of our generation of students in a way that will not only make good reading at the end of term, but afterwards be a touchstone to the memories and enthusiasms of our own College years.

It should not be the product of the Faculty of Arts ; newts and blindworms inspired Shakespeare to song, Michelangelo was an artist and an architect but also a poet and an engineer. Can anyone spend three years learning to learn in a university and have nothing to say of it or to it ? Economist or geologist, he must have some experience or adventure, interest, hope or opinion, some vision of men and women that the "West Saxon" would be the richer for printing, and College for having read together in Refec., he must have something to write that would mingle with the scent of coffee and cigarettes and the chatter of table talk, becoming as indefinable and as permanent a part of College life.



## THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTS STUDENTS' CAMP IN BERLIN DURING THE OLYMPIC GAMES

**I**t was a completely new idea to invite students of sport and physical education of all the nations taking part in the Olympic Games to a 4 weeks' camp in Berlin during the Olympic Games. 34 nations followed this invitation of the German Government and marched into the "White City" on July 23rd. The camp was a "White City" in the real sense of the word, consisting of about 40 tents each accommodating one national group of 30 students and their German attaché. There were facilities for this city of 1,000 inhabitants which hardly any other community of that size can be proud of.

There was a special post office with officials speaking all the principal languages, a special telephone exchange, a television room, a laundry, some restaurants, a huge dining tent accommodating over 1,000 people, 2 stadiums with cinder tracks, tennis courts, a motor service department with 20 vans and cars and a proper publication and news office where all speeches, lectures and addresses were translated into the principal languages and afterwards printed and issued in booklets.

The task of the camp was to study the methods of physical training in the different countries and to learn from each other. During the first week a Physical Education Congress was being held within the Camp itself. Research workers and Physical Education experts from eight countries gave lectures on topics and on the peculiar aspects of their national education. The English representative was E. Major from the Carnegie Physical Training College, Leeds, who at the moment is in Berlin studying German methods of physical education. These lectures were illustrated by displays given by the respective national teams. The great experience of the camp which impressed everyone who took part was that the work was not done in a purely intellectual and academic sphere. There was such a close relationship to life as could not be found in any other academic study.

It was an elevating sight to see sunburnt youths—the flower of youth from every country—playing and singing together in our big stadium. There was plenty of leisure time given to them and it was the leisure which proved to be most fruitful. Understanding can hardly be organised or commanded. But on those warm evenings, you could see them sitting together, you could see them, in the afternoons, doing three laps together on the track. The little Chinaman became a close friend of the Pole who showed him how to throw the javelin which he had never seen before. The Indian tent was always a meeting place for half the city population to watch the Indians' physical jerks and to watch them tying their turbans. Or the spectators crowded in front of the Chinese tent to see Chinese shadow boxing or folk dancing from the Greeks. They sometimes hardly understood each other's language but that did not prevent understanding in the least. Sport leads to mutual respect and respect again to understanding: that was one of the main results of the camp apart from purely academic results. We all felt strongly, after the first week and after the first prejudices had been removed, that we were working for one aim which is international though it can only be solved on a national basis—the education of the growing generation. And this common aim united us and welded us together like a whole family. I learned to appreciate the difficulties the Yugoslavs have to face, not only in the development of their education but in their whole national life and foreign situation. And being their attaché I could answer their questions about German difficulties. The result

was—29 standing invitations from Yugoslavia and innumerable other ones to different parts of the world which I will be busy answering next year. In fact it will take me some years. I have only been talking of myself here. But this was general. The camp provided a base for hundreds of personal and official connections which will be made fruitful in the future.

One thing surprised us all : How few are the difficulties ! What does language matter ? The Babel of languages, added to the causes for merriment, that was all it did. One morning someone came along asking me the way to our rifle range in fairly good German : "Wo kann man hier geschossen werden ?" (where can one be shot here?).

The camp found such universal approval that it is going to be a standing institution of all further Olympiads and the next one is sure to be a success because those little Japanese chaps belonging to the Japanese Olympic Committee showed themselves extremely studious. Too studious, we sometimes thought when they came along poking into everything, taking notes and interviewing when one was busy translating into English some dreadful lecture on "The Spine," or having one of the few private calls or visitors or just bolting down breakfast. One could not get away from them. We take it as a good omen.

## THE DIAMOND

**A**SHURST straightened his back and leant against the shaft of his shovel. He drew a large red handkerchief from his trousers' pocket and slowly wiped away the beads of sweat which were running down his forehead and making his eyes smart. Pushing his sun helmet on to the back of his head, he gazed at the figures of white men and natives who were scattered at intervals around him, digging at the surface workings. He puffed out his cheeks and let the air escape with a hissing sound, in protest against the scorching heat of the Transvaal sun.

Pleased with his little pantomime, and satisfied that no one was watching him, he bent down to examine the diamond he had just turned out of an unlikely looking sod of clay. It was a big diamond. Rough and covered with dirt at the moment, of course, but Ashurst saw it in his mind's eye flashing wickedly on black velvet in some millionaire's sanctum.

"Phew !" he whistled, "You beauty ! And just to think that you belong to the shareholders of the Transvaal Wettersrand Diamond Exploitation Corporation, while poor Bill Ashurst slogs away at six pounds a week—and no commission for finding you."

He shuddered at the thought, then sat down to take off his boot. Not such a very strange procedure, for a long time ago Ashurst had carefully cut a hollow in the heel, in anticipation of just such a find, into which he now pushed the diamond. It disappeared as if by magic as the black rubber closed over it.

For truth to tell, Ashurst had no intention of handing over this discovery to its lawful owners. What is more, the crime was premeditated, as they say in courts of justice, as could be seen from the hollow heel. Ashurst smiled reminiscently as he thought of his only previous temptation and fall, when in company with several schoolfellows, he had paid a nightly and very successful visit to old Mr. Meredith's

orchard. Of course, it is a long step from scrumping apples to appropriating somebody else's diamond, but Ashurst didn't seem any more perturbed now than he did twenty years ago. To his ingenuous mind, there was a world of difference between, say, breaking into a bank, and putting into his pocket (or rather his boot) a hard round stone he had dug out of the ground. In fact, what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve for. That was how Ashurst looked at it, anyway, being a bit of a philosopher, and he picked up his shovel and made a pretence of going on digging.

"By Jingo!" said this simple soul to himself, "What'll the old woman say when she hears about this? She shall have her wish, and we'll go back to Europe. Heigh-ho for London and Paris—and no more digging for yours truly. But how to smuggle the damn thing out? Aye, there's the rub, Bill Ashurst."

It was going to be a difficult problem indeed. Many had tried, but few had been successful in removing small diamonds from the premises of the Twedco, as the company was popularly called. And now—a stone of this size. Ashurst sighed and thought how hard life was. He was an easy going fellow and hated to be brought up against its hard necessities—particularly that of having to think hard. But he whistled cheerfully and hoped that something would turn up.

Something did. It was all through the coming departure of the works manager, Jenkins, on his long leave, the following Saturday. He was very popular with the rest of the men, and Piet Timmer, that enthusiastic organiser, had gathered around him all the talent of the mine to provide Jenkins with a concert-cum-sing-song on his last evening. Everybody was going to make whoopee, and most hoped to get drunk.

"We want your banjo, of course, Bill," said Piet cheerily to Ashurst. "Trot out all the good old stuff, Clementine and Auld Lang Syne and all that sort of thing. We want to make it go with a swing."

Ashurst was enthusiastic. He wasn't going to let the possession of a diamond, however valuable, make him miss a party. His banjo was always in demand when choruses were called for. So on Friday night there were great goings-on at the club house, and the bar was kept very busy. The concert was a tremendous success. Ashurst strummed away without a care in the world—the diamond in the heel of his boot slung carelessly into a corner of his room.

"Don't know what we should do without that banjo, Bill," said Piet. "Have another gin?" And Ashurst drank and strummed, and strummed and drank, while the miners sang and danced with one another and the place filled with tobacco smoke. Then came catastrophe. Ashurst had laid down for a moment his beloved banjo, and one of the dancers put a clumsy foot on it, snapping some strings and breaking a key. There were howls from all present.

"Clumsy fool! Kick him out! \* \* \* \*, Joe Morris!"

The culprit fled for his life, but Ashurst got his idea, and the next morning he got to work very early on the damaged banjo. During the day Piet Timmer came along with sympathetic enquiries, as did several others. In fact, it might have been a sick child rather than a musical instrument.

Ashurst shook his head sadly to all of them.

"No, boys," he said, "The old banjo's in for a long convalescence. I haven't got the gut for it here, and there's nobody I'd trust with it short of Jo'burg. I'll send it to the wife to be fixed."

"Oh hell," was the usual reply, "Don't say that, Bill. What'll we do without it? First Dick Foster goes and loses his mouth organ in the river, and now . . . Tell her to buck up with it then."

Ashurst didn't try to mend the instrument. In fact, he broke another key to make a good job of it. And the letter he wrote to Mrs. Ashurst—after chewing off the end of his pen and spilling a lot of ink—didn't say anything about hurrying up the repair. Ashurst held the epistle at arm's length and read it through with obvious pride.

Dear Ada (it read),

Thanks for your last letter and the shirts which came in very useful. We have been pretty busy getting up some good stuff on Section B, and Jenkins reckons the output this year'll be a record.

I am sending with this my banjo to be kept as it is busted and I will get it repaired when I come home on leave next month. It is hot here, but I am quite well.

Hoping you are, from your loving husband,

William.

For the great idea was simply this—to smuggle the diamond out of the Twedco works in the banjo, and recover it on his arrival home. So he carefully took off the top of the frame and glued on the inside a small wooden compartment just large enough to take the diamond. It was quite invisible from the outside—indeed the banjo could have been repaired and returned to him without anyone suspecting the presence of the precious stone. Of course, nobody saw the letter to his wife, and everyone expected to see and hear the instrument again before long.

The precious consignment passed outside quite safely, for which Ashurst sighed with relief and sent up a prayer of thanksgiving. The inspector, an old friend, shook the instrument for any suspicious rattle in the interior, then passed it without a murmur. He was as anxious as anyone to see and hear it whole again.

During the next fortnight Ashurst received a lot of sympathy as he absently fingered the old and ill-tuned piano in the saloon, but actually he was thinking of all the marvellous things he could do when he left for his holiday—never to return. Europe, the Mediterranean, Vienna and Budapest! No more fortnights on the beach at Durban. Nothing would be too good for them once the diamond was safely disposed of.

One day while he was day-dreaming and weaving plans for the future, the carrier brought him a large parcel. It was a box marked "With Care." Mystified as to the contents, Ashurst prised open the lid—and the banjo lay before him, with a letter on the top in his wife's handwriting. He mechanically tore it open and read:—

Dear Bill,

I was very sorry to see you had broken the banjo, especially as it was Uncle Ned's which he had when a boy, and I know how you and the boys enjoy a sing-song, so I have had it repaired for you, and you won't have to wait till you come home.

I am looking forward to seeing you in a fortnight's time, and hope we shall be able to take the children to Durban for a week as last year.

Love from them both and your loving wife,

Ada.

With trembling hands, Ashurst tore at the frame of the banjo. Then he laughed and laughed and laughed until the tears came into his eyes. The diamond had come safely home.

## SPIRIT IN CLAY

### I

**E**ARTH be thy bed  
(Sing, the green willow thy shade)  
Here lay thee, fallow,  
Shallow thy covering  
Misty rains hovering.  
Though sleep seem endless  
Through snowflakes light falling  
White falling  
The calling will come :  
This the sum  
Of long days' fruitless waiting  
Unfound.  
Take heed : the seed shootless  
Rots in the ground.

### II

Fair is a garden, and stinging whip-lash wind  
A strangely luminous flower scourges not  
Nor shapely trees, proud in their single strength,  
Reasonably, their living worth long proved.  
—Sensitive petals fearlessly uncurled  
Sharing the warm-lit gladness of the sun  
And in the ice-still darkness unafraid.

Weary, the seeming endless one-time days  
When all confusion strangled neglected earth  
And choking grasping parasitic weeds  
Marred and obliterated clear-cut paths,  
Crushed out the life of the leaves' green loveliness. . . .  
But the seed of the luminous flower lay in this earth,  
Struggled and grew, gave light to a jaded sun ;  
Master again in the land entrusted to him,  
Strong in a new-found faith the gardener moves.

Fair is a garden, and stinging whip-lash wind  
A strangely luminous flower scourges not  
Nor shapely trees, proud in their single strength,  
Reasonably, their living worth long proved.

## BIKING THE BALTIC

A long and ticklish search through our winter woollies convinced the Lithuanian frontier guards that we were too squeamish to be spies and had no coffee, tea or alcohol hidden next our skin, at least not outside. The windmills flapped gaily and the hovels had taken on a halo of summer godliness, the bull-frogs croaked and our knees creaked monotonously in unison. The calm and our day dreams were broken when, in the road, plodding through the deep layer of sand, dust and gravel, a most quixotic figure with a bundle of lances, waved frantically at us. The lack of decorum suggested a local policeman and we should have been duped by this technique, had we not spotted when fifty yards away that saliva and blood had cut furrows in the filth on his chin. No policeman but an ordinary lunatic. Wilhelmina and Bert, our cycles, hit up an incredible speed. Heads down, calves pounding, nostrils oscillating in frenzy, we charged past with no casualties; the lunatic having made a last minute jump to safety in the ditch lost his aim with the lances, which flew harmlessly wide of their mark.

Rest and recuperation were our immediate necessity and a new wooden house held fair promise of food in addition. Craft on our part—for self-preservation would turn a Washington into a Machiavelli—and curiosity on the part of the house-holder obtained our invitation to a meal. My friend was given a large tumbler much to my envy: I held a small thimble glass daintily in my hand, little finger a-cock à la thé d'asant. A carafe of "liquid bread" was brought in and to my horror I realised it was methylated spirits. It was revealed to me why Wildi had been given the largest glass; because his mouth, now gaping with apprehension, was like the mouth of a cavern. I drank. He drank. We stood and waited for the internal explosion. After hurried farewells we sat down out of sight of the house, holding our heads and stomachs. Oblivious to the world, we crawled into a sandy ravine, rolled into our sleeping bags and slept the sleep of the brave.

We awoke at 4 a.m., the coldest hour, since our internal combustion had entirely ceased, bathed our heads in a nearby pond and set off again. Our cameras, an unheard-of novelty, had caused as much surprise from the curious and envy from the avaricious as did our energy in presuming to travel from one town to the next. The people are so lazy they would ossify to perpetuity but for the necessity of scratching bee-bites, chewing half-baked rye bread and spitting.

In Kovno our privations were forgotten at the sight of a policeman. "He was gorgeous, my dear, in his natty uniform." It was driven home to us through our blinded eyes that we were in the East where colour impresses, and cleanliness is a luxury not a virtue. He was blue, crimson, gold and clean.

Riga—a town, whose beauty can only find expression in the simplest words, lends a cloud of delusion to all within its walls. Here we were in a different world; a world of taste, culture and the fine arts. The further north from Lithuania, through Latvia and Estonia to Finland, the stronger the natural feeling of the natives, the less enduring the Czarist regime had been and the more tolerable to Western people. Our minds full of sausage and chips, our stomachs full of promises and hope, we turned homewards again from Leningrad and finally in Lithuania again we drew near to a romantic pastoral scene in a village. The herds were lowing to their stalls with their neglected festering hides, the sun was setting in the west, the natural phenomenon had been our comfort in most unnatural surroundings, the ploughman homeward plodded his weary way for he was not used to exercise; the houses were bathing in



a gentle haze, the stench being overpowering, and the world sank to rest under the weight of filth, fleas and forgetfulness. In the centre of the village, where the road bent round the fortified manor-house, the villagers were gathered, roaring with laughter as if it were the première of Ivor Novello's worst flop. Our smiles, for their laughter was infectious, were chased away by a wry face when we saw the butt of their wit. A lunatic, half-naked, standing to his waist in filth was rubbing it into his hair.

We fled, deploring that civilization had spoilt our sense of humour. Both offered a prayer of thanks to our 17 days' experience of similar conditions that had prevented nausea from fetching our last hopes from our stomachs.

Two lepers' homes, standing isolated and mediæval, scowled a good-bye to us, after we had cooled our bodies, hot with lice-bites in the Memel. Over a pot of beer, served by "a most shapely wench with delicate graces" in our favourite inn in Königsberg, we concurred in the main conclusion that if cleanliness is next to godliness, we had been in hell.

There was a horse race in the next village, Jurbarcas; however we were held up by a meal of onions, eggs, milk and a snooze. We arrived too late for the race round an oval track with 14 obstacles, but were glad to be in at the death when the ear-splitting trumpets, soul-rending shouts, then deadening silence proclaimed the winner. About to continue our snooze, we saw a most weird man pawing the ground at the start. Off he shot in the mad delusion he was a horse. He sprawled over the first obstacle, was nearly drowned in the water-jump and apparently broke his neck on the last fence for he settled down on it and went peaceably to sleep on the top.

You are sensible, Reader, for saying we were raving lunatics for going.

### MINE EASE IN MINE INN

**T**HE moors were a cold grey now, and growing darker. The air was biting cold, the wind unfriendly and persistent. My flesh was chilled solid. I looked ahead for the shape of a building or a light. It had been a warm afternoon when I started to climb the long hills, intending to drop into one of the valleys for the night, and making, at a guess, for a lonely pub I had heard of. I sharpened my pace down the rough road, half afraid that I had missed the house and would have to trudge heaven knew how many miles to reach supper and a bed. The great open moors and lonely road that had been so warm and hospitable in the afternoon were now bleak and desolate. Soon there was no division between them and the thick night. A great shadow loomed ahead like a threatening cloud, but the road rounded it and two dim lights on the left revealed a house standing close to the hillside. I was glad to see a signboard hanging over the door, which opened into a big warm room with a huge fire on the right.

An old woman sat knitting a stocking. She looked up and nodded me to a chair in front of the fire, saying simply, "Sit thee down, sit thee down."

I hung my top coat on a peg and sat down, my body tingling in the sudden warmth. Pleasantly weary in every limb I eased my shoulders against the wooden chair back, fingered its rubbed arms, thawed blissfully. It was a comfortable chair, worn easy by years of use and care, like the plain tables and big stools, the shining

steel fender and the brass candlesticks on the high wooden mantelshelf. A great wooden rocking chair stood on the right of the fireplace, on my right, towering over every other seat in the room, clearly the place of the master of the house. The old woman was just as plain, clean and unaltered as the room by the fashions of our day, her skirts full and long, her dress fastened at the neck by an old brooch, her hair drawn straightly back and coiled on the crown of her head, her pale skin polished at the temples and cheek bones, her face folded about the mouth into severe lines that told nothing of her thoughts, her busy fingers incredibly wrinkled.

She knitted quietly until I was warmed through, when she asked me if I wanted a bed for the night. "Why, yes, indeed," I replied. "And I would like a meal, too", for I was hungry.

She answered, with her eye on the clock, that supper should be ready by this time, and deliberately knitted a few more stitches before saying impatiently, "A reckon th'owd woman mun see to it," and getting up from her chair, she went out through a side door, letting in an appetising smell of onions and coffee.

In a few minutes she came back and set a cloth and knives and forks on the table nearest the fire. A woman of about forty-five followed with plates and bread, stepping briskly across the flagged floor.

"It's a cold night," she said pleasantly, and the light showed her countenance open and comely. The old woman sat down and took up her knitting again.

"Had you a long walk before you got here? There's not many walkers here in't winter."

"T'lad 'll be clemmed," broke in the old woman. The younger one looked at her, without humour, without animosity, reaching some conclusion that I could not follow and went out.

She was back in a few minutes with a hot dish and a pint pot of steaming coffee.

"Draw up your chair," she said. "There's not likely to be anyone else here to-night. Too wintry for hikers, and it's mostly market days our own folks come."

"Lad 'll be wanting to get on wi's supper," put in the old woman. The younger one gazed at her for a second before turning into the kitchen, where the old one immediately followed her.

"Narky old devil," I said to myself as I cut into the pie, thinking that certainly the young woman could cook and seemed to look after the place.

They came in to clear off my supper things after a time, and I crossed to the big rocking chair. The old woman's dark eyes smouldered a moment, "Weren't th' other cheer aw reet for tha?" I saw the other stop on her way out to watch what would happen. Wondering whether I was a fool, I moved to my old chair, thinking such a trifle was hardly worth a scene. The younger woman turned out once to the kitchen. The old spitfire sat in her corner and knitted without a glance at me.

I asked if she would mind my smoking and she answered, "Nay, nay. Tha con smoake."

"Your daughter's a good cook," said I, amused by the wish to make the old woman talk. "Oo's son's weyf," she replied. I settled down to my pipe.

The clatter of dishes ceased and the son's wife came in and made the fire up, brushing the ashes from the grate before sitting down to knit between the old woman and me. There we sat facing the fire and the big rocking chair that seemed to wait like a fourth person for its master to come. I began to be interested in the absent landlord, hoping he would come to share a pipe and a glass of beer by his own fireside, feeling confident he would be a more talkative companion than his womenfolk.



"Will your husband be in soon?" I asked.

"I hope so, for it's bitter cold," she answered. "It's a long way he has to come."

The old woman was looking intently at us but when her son's wife finished speaking she dropped her eyes to her knitting. Presently she glanced at the clock and got up.

"Nay, mother, I'll get his supper ready when its time," said the daughter-in-law.

"Tha con stay theer. A'll geet my son's supper," replied the old woman, laying a cloth very deliberately and getting everything ready for the meal.

"I don't think he'll be back for an hour yet, but my husband would be pleased to find you here and have a chat when he comes in," said the young woman.

The old one stopped her preparations and looked at us hard. "Lad'll be abed afore he cooms in," she said. "He'll be tired after t' walk. Tha'llt sleep well after tha day's out," she added to me, "T' bed's aired."

She clearly wanted me upstairs and out of it before her son came, and when I rose to go she gave me a candle and showed me my room from the foot of the stair, wishing me goodnight civilly enough. As I went upstairs I heard her tell her daughter-in-law she could be off to bed if she wanted, "Fer a con wait mysen." But the wife must still have been there when the son came home, marching across the rough ground outside. for I heard him call out cheerily, "Did'st think a were lost, lass? Nay, mother, A thowt thee'd be abed." I heard fingers groping along the wall, and the old woman muttering along the passage, "Aw childer's gone. Th'owd woman gee aw up."

When I went down in the morning she was knitting by the fire, her face quite still and set, as if neither love nor jealousy could move her. But the big rocking chair was empty again.

## SUPPLEMENTARY CALENDAR

### JANUARY.

*First day for eating Cottage Pie.*  
Hall and Cottage Pie Committee meets.  
House Committees meet.  
Fossilographical Committee meets.  
Politicism Committee meets.  
All Committees which have not yet met, meet.

### FEBRUARY.

Finals one month nearer.  
Students obtain size K envelopes.  
Students send in guineas.  
Laundry given out at 8.30.

### MARCH.

Finals one month nearer.  
Any new committees formed, meet.  
Term's work begins.  
Terminal Examinations begin.  
Last day for sending in Guineas.  
*Last day for eating Cottage Pie.*

APRIL.

Finals one month nearer.  
*First day for eating Rabbit meat.*

MAY.

Finals one month nearer.  
All committees which have not yet been formed, have only themselves to blame.  
Faculty Board meets. Students meet outside.

JUNE.

Finals one month nearer.  
Any guineas left sent somewhere.  
Students under the Board of Education reminded that they are still under the Board of Education by communication from the Board of Education.  
Hot season begins.  
Work begins.  
Examinations begin.  
*Last day for eating Rabbit meat.*

JULY.

Results announced.  
Finals one year farther away.

## NO ESCAPE

**S**ATURDAY afternoon—a whole afternoon of freedom yawned before her. Three long hours to do exactly what she wanted. She sighed. What should she do? Ah! such a long, long time since she'd been for a walk in the woods, and it was Autumn now. She took a tram to the end of the town, sitting bolt upright in her dull grey coat and her neat sensible hat. She felt immeasurably superior to the apathetic forms in the tram and felt indeed almost contempt for their blank smug faces as they swayed with the jolt of the tram. She clutched the yellow ticket in her shabby gloved hand—passport to heaven. She smiled, a little secret smile, stepped nervously off the tram, and walked to the edge of the little copse.

A sudden bright burst of sun lit up the world. The air was frosty, but she didn't feel it; she only saw the bracken wraiths, russet and gold in the sunlight, and the flaming gold of the chestnut tree spreading its yellow leaves to the sky, like hands upraised in supplication; and the rusty hawthorn leaves on the ground whirling together in a last mad dance when the wind blew; and the soft crunch of ripe acorns beneath her eager feet; and the rich-polished mahogany of the chestnuts.

Stopping down she shyly gathered the largest acorn she could find and two shiny chestnuts, stowing them in her pocket. Fairy treasure. A wayward branch caught in her hat—she suddenly whipped it off, and carried it in her hand.

She felt like a young girl again, and carefully, for her movements were always guarded and precise, she snapped off a few russet beech twigs and a spray of yellow hazel, and a little branch of copper beech. Trophies to bear home. In front of her stood a yew tree, shot black and green in its velvet depths. The silent yew would live on, richly furred, when the rest were gaunt and stark. She heard a distant clock strike five. Tea. The sun withdrew, the wind rose keen and sharp. She hurried along the street claspings the bright leaves in her thin hand. The keen wind gave her a feeling of exultant youth, her heart sang; but the few passers-by saw only a dingy little woman, with a wind-reddened nose and wind-blown hair, as she turned to go indoors.

The iron gate creaked behind her; she thought the lace curtains, drooping dejectedly, looked frowsier than ever. A beech leaf fell suddenly from the twigs. Her exultation slowly slipped away; she smoothed her wispy hair what would the landlady say?—her feet ached. The door opened. The familiar sickly green wall-paper in the passage and the eternal smell of musty photographs and tea brewing in the kitchen asserted themselves. The leaves in her hand seemed to have lost their colour. She felt vaguely ridiculous—suddenly conscious of her weariness.

She climbed up to her room and lit the gas, shivering involuntarily as she looked round at the dingy wall-paper with its faded yellow rose-pattern. "How foolish," she thought, as she fingered the beech-leaves, tears slowly running down her cheeks, like the rain on the smeared window-pane outside. "How foolish to take off my hat! I'm sure to get a cold." The glossy chestnut rolled from her pocket and suddenly she threw herself into the wicker chair and cried bitterly, silently, her thin face between her hands.

## 2 (TWO) CAWSMIC POMES

### one (1)

**A**ND said, "The clouds' bellies must be slung awry."  
and said, "There seems to be a mousetrap in the sky."  
and said, "They have filled the sun and moon with lemonade  
and ink."  
and said "The pebbles, and pimples, and pencils will have to  
start to think."  
and said, and said and, as a matter of fact, is still saying.

### 2 (two)

Let us pass on  
to consider the influence of Anglo-Norman  
to walk through the window and jump out of the door  
to say (quite suddenly and risen from the dead)  
"I, I am Popeye, the Sailor Man!"  
to insist that all angels and policemen should wear blackshirts.

let us pass on, O, let us pass on  
to the liquidation of Narcissus  
to the decapitation of Father Christmas  
to the final boiling of glass eyes.

## "DISTINGUISHED GATHERING"

The choice of a play for production by an amateur society is not too easy a matter. The number and variety of modern plays is quite bewildering. Some of them must obviously be ruled out; the changes of scenery required are impracticable, and the costumes would be too expensive, especially in period plays. And when the audience is largely composed of fellow-students, who know the players intimately, it is very difficult to find and produce a play which will so move the audience that they forget the personalities of their friends in the characters they have assumed. "Problem" plays may easily be regarded as morbid, the psychological treatment of personal relationships as sentimental, and the "thriller" type of play as farcical melodrama. Perhaps the easiest sort of play to "get across" under such conditions is the Ben Travers type of rollicking farce, though not every college possesses a Ralph Lynn!

The members of the Stage Society were therefore quite courageous and ambitious in choosing this year for our entertainment a modern "thriller", James Parish's "Distinguished Gathering". It has often been said that no new themes are possible, but only variations on old themes. This play gives a quite original variation, and is very ingeniously contrived, the dramatic "suspense" being well maintained to the end. Some may feel that the dénouement is not very plausible; but in the main the play is a good one technically, except perhaps for one scene in Act II. A publisher, who is fond of eccentric parties, invites to his home at Hampstead a number of distinguished people, and discloses to them that they are all bound to be ruined by the publication of some memoirs submitted to him. When he assures them that he has arranged a safe "alibi", they agree to murder the unscrupulous author of the memoirs. The latter arrives for dinner and is murdered soon after, but things go wrong owing to the unexpectedly early arrival of the police. Only an act of self-sacrifice by the famous airman guest saves the rest of the party.

In spite of the danger of too melodramatic a performance, it is a good play for amateur production. There are no very specially predominant parts, and so there is opportunity for good team work rather than individual brilliance. This was apparent in the production, which makes it difficult or invidious to single out individual performances for special praise. Much of the success was due to the excellent casting of the players, on which the producer, Mr. D. B. Barker, must be much congratulated.

For the purposes of historical record, however, some indication must be given as to individual performances. Perhaps the most exacting part was that of *Judith*, the publisher's wife, who has to convey the suggestion of emotion under strong control all through the play. This was admirably indicated by Miss Grace Barr in her interpretation of the part. A. Aspin seemed thoroughly to "get inside" and enjoy his part as the publisher, *Felix Montague*, who dominates his guests with a feline purposefulness. A great deal depended on his giving a convincing performance, and he did it excellently. R. K. Wood and Miss Betty Stallard were well cast as *Sir Brian Howet* and *Lady Thalia Wilmer*; and in Act II they had the most difficult scene of all to play and nobly made the best of it. Presumably the author retained this scene so as to equalise the parts, but it is not necessary for the action of the play nor the development of the plot, and he should have cut it. A. R. Brown had a difficult part as *C. D. Williams*, the famous airman, and acted it very well indeed, particularly on the second night. He also had, with *Judith*, a d'ologue in Act II, which is really important for the working out of the play; and both this and his scene with the Inspector at the end seemed exactly right.

The less attractive characters of *Major "Runt" Pearson*, the ill-bred poltroon, and *Dorinda Caswell*, the hysterical gossip, were ably portrayed by H. L. Pointer and Miss Dido Read. Miss M. D. Scott did full justice to the emotional reactions of *Caroline Beckwith*, while Miss Irene Foster gave a beautifully natural interpretation of "*Lesley Gest*" in an all-too-short part. J. Pay fully merited the applause accorded him as *Blair*, the butler, though he was, I think, tempted to overplay it a little. The sinister character of the author of the memoirs, *Eliot Richard Vines*, was subtly suggested in gait and speech by C. P. Cook. G. A. Emery's performance as *Inspector Rutherford* was quite in character, and G. H. G. Campbell's *Sergeant Ferris* an amusing bit of lighter acting. The remaining small part of *Sergeant Ramage* was taken by A. R. Wife.

The grouping was good throughout, and so were the entrances, except for one misunderstanding on the first night, which made Vines' entry even more sinister. The second performance seemed much better than the first. Cues were well taken up and stage nervousness was not specially apparent; in fact, sometimes players were obviously conscious of holding the stage. The suspense of the play was well maintained, and the tense atmosphere just before the murder quite realistic. Act I seemed a little slow, which is, I think, the fault of the play rather than the production; the author ought to have "cut" more ruthlessly. Audibility was on the whole good, though lines were sometimes hurried too much. The general setting of the stage was effectively done and very pleasing. A great deal of hard work had been put in on it by Messrs. Wickens, Jagger, Silcock and Burroughs. The lighting too was well managed, the toning down effects in Act II being specially good. In the intervals, the College orchestra, conducted by Mr. Jeans, played a few selections.

The general opinion seems to have been that this was the best production for some time, and the producer, Mr. Barker, is to be heartily congratulated on its success. I know how hard he worked at the play, and I saw the difference his direction made as between the dress rehearsal and the first and second performances. We can assure him that his efforts were well worth while, and that the production was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by those who saw it.

#### PHONOLOGICAL NOTE

The bullies shout and the bullies roar,  
The nations arm and make ready for war;  
The workers arise with banners unfurled,  
And overturn Europe and break up the world:  
And Michael is rounding his lips for the Blast,  
And the Day of Wrath is approaching fast . . . .  
But long "a" always remains long "a"  
North of the Humber and Morecambe Bay.

## CLOTHES

You and I, reader, being children of our age, can believe what we like about almost anything, and no man shall say us nay. We may hold any religious views or none at all, any political or artistic views or none at all : but we are not allowed to think as we like about our personal appearance. There is one heresy, and only one, in the XX century—the heresy of individual taste in clothes, hair and beards. Refectory society is most tolerant : it will admit any kind of believer and every kind of unbeliever. But if any man should fancy a beard, or a smock, or long woollen stockings or sandals, *anathema sit*, let him be condemned. *Ecrasez l'infame* if you will. Death to the bourgeoisie, certainly. But let no one defy the sacred conventions of modern dress.

Now this is most irrational, that we, who make a boast of our freedom from convention, are not free to do as we like in this supreme matter. Our attitude is conservative and unthinking, and this is to be deplored, especially in a University institution. We claim the right to examine conventions in almost every matter, and to reject them if we choose. Well and good. But the convention of clothes—the most pernicious convention of all—remains unquestioned. We do not even stop to think about it and we are actively hostile towards the heretic who disregards it.

Please do not misunderstand me. I am not touching here upon the vital question, why should we wear any clothes at all ? Nor am I holding a brief for those deluded people who would reject every convention merely because it is a convention. The cult of originality for its own sake is the worst form of crankiness. I am merely concerned to point out that many of the accepted conventions of male attire are useless and ought to be abolished. And my reasons are mainly these : in the first place, most of the clothes we wear are simply not functional, i.e., do not serve their proper purpose ; and in the second place, they are ugly.

Let us consider first : are our clothes functional ? Generally they serve their primary purpose, which is to keep the body warm. But do they wear well ? As a general rule they do not—especially in those parts which are subjected to the constant and severe friction of sitting on hard chairs, leaning on hard desks and tables. Not that we are positively out at elbows : but we are obliged to change our coats pretty frequently, if we want our sleeves to remain intact ; or we let pieces of leather into the elbow. And if we succeed in avoiding the final humiliation of a patched seat, still most of us wear the most unfunctional of all possible trousers—light grey flannels, which always become very soiled in less than half a term.

And now the second question—are our clothes beautiful ? Roundly and emphatically, no. They have none of the beauty we associate with drapery in sculpture—the beauty of the long, hanging garment, or the loose, flowing robe. They have no beauty of pattern, they have no beauty of colour.

Regard the average man—his trousers, coat, shirt, tie and hat. Trousers conceal the natural beauty of the human leg. When they are well creased, they look stiff and square, like planks. When they lose their crease, they become utterly formless and ugly. Our coats are made unintelligently. Their shape (which is hardly ever pleasing to the eye) depends on the buttons and on the pockets. Now, if you wear your coat unbuttoned, as most men do, it rapidly loses all shape whatever. And if your pockets are small, as most pockets are, they soon become full of all kinds of things which

the designer of the pockets did not intend you to put in them : which is not your fault, of course, but his. Nor can you recline at ease in an ordinary coat : "lounge suit" is an absurd misnomer.

Just look at our shirts and ties. We wear them not for comfort but for ornament. If you want to keep warm, wear a jersey without a shirt, not a shirt with that peculiar compromise called a waistcoat. If you must wear a shirt and a tie, you will have to get them made, if you want them to look well. The shirts which are turned out in thousands by mass production are simply not worth buying. The "quiet" shirts have all the same kind of pattern—lines or squares—completely undistinguished. The shirts which attempt to be colourful are nearly always loud and offensive. And the ties ! A tie, as Mr. Eric Gill points out, no longer performs its original function of tying or fastening something : therefore, a tie should not be worn at all unless it has some real value as an ornament. Now, most of the ties you see to-day are simply ugly. They are made of easily crumpled material, and badly cut. They have no beauty of pattern, and the colours are usually in the worst possible taste. In short, there is no reason at all for wearing them. Our hats are fairly presentable (except when they are made on the "pork pie" model). Thank heaven, nobody in this College wears a bowler, that epitome of our ugly industrial society.

What are we going to do about it ? We can either maintain the accepted tradition and remedy the abuses ; or else make a sweeping reform, and wear entirely different clothes. If we still want to wear trousers and coats, let us wear functional trousers and coats—trousers which wear well, of stout material and dark colour ; trousers of loose cut which do not depend on creases for respectable appearance : coats of strong stuff with large pockets, cut in such a way that they *need not* be buttoned up in order to remain presentable. Let us wear shirts and ties of pleasing design, or no shirts at all, but plain woollen jerseys instead.

But what we really need is a complete dress reform. Trousers should be abandoned. Why should we not wear shorts, with long woollen stockings, or kilts or skirts ? Why should we not wear sandals, which are more hygienic than shoes, and more comfortable ? Why should we not wear capes instead of overcoats, and some kind of cloak, after the fashion of the toga or the academic gown, instead of a coat ? Why should we not wear hoods instead of hats ? Why should we not wear our hair long, or grow a beard, if we really want to ? Why not ?

I see no valid reason whatever.

### I BELIEVE

**F**ALL tinted beech and time impervious pine  
Crackle and hush ;  
Cold shingle surge on sharp black rocks  
Slowing, swinging shocks,  
Or storm cloud over flame-lit west  
Swept, borne in hissing rush ;  
Glades lit by layered light, shredding through whittled branches,  
Or topaz-glowing horn,  
Like the last mild amber haze of night,  
Or smoke obscured dawn.



Silver scaled birch stem swaying in crystal fountain,  
(Chattering, crackling, while oak leaves scamper with rumour  
repeated below)

By drops of solemn mist to gold translated,  
As sunset-witchéd snow,  
Nereid like trailing curving arms and hair,  
All dew entangled gossamer,  
A snare  
For the stray stars ;  
Oak branches, knotted, broidered, crusted,  
Cloth for heaven's altar, or bent, bare,  
Like bullrushes reflected  
In the tinkling water  
Of a pebbled brook ;—  
All beaten by the faint, far-distant-sea spray  
Of the gorse stained air,  
And frenzy leaping, sweeping wind :  
All silent mirrored in earth's noiseless eyes—  
And these all thoughts that fill th' eternal mind.

Then rattle by clanking trams, rocking, stinking,  
Kerb-crawlers honk and pester, sneering and leering.  
People lose precious hats, that have seen better days wind-tossed  
in the gutter—

Thank goodness at least margarine is a cheap substitute  
for the butter

We spend so long in earning ; more pence for Pig and Whistle.

Then, coldly, stinking, winking,  
Lean, chilly prostitute, blue  
From the cold, from the glare of the light ;  
Eye veiled, hid from sight  
Of respectable folk.

Heart numbly ignoring  
All nature, adoring  
The midnight velvet, cypress-quilted vault ;  
The awe-struck naked void  
Where fallen leaves are dead  
Cut from their windy spirit by the embanking bushes,

For moment dumb,  
Though multitudinous billows thunder ever more  
Upon the leafless shore.  
How many worlds, O Lord ?  
How many ? One ?



## THIS GLORIOUS HERITAGE

**T**HIS is a little sketch of Somerset, one of the few remaining pastoral counties of England, its quiet beauty of green fields, dignity of country towns, and rugged grandeur of moorland, so often passed over because it lies very near to glorious Devon. But all this is home.

Towards the north and east are the populous lowlands. Here is the great Cathedral Church at Wells, its West Front, peopled with saints and martyrs, comparable to any in Christendom, and its Bishop's Palace still moated as of yore, nestling among green hills. A few miles away are the ruins of the once glorious Abbey of Glastonbury, wrecked at the Dissolution. The legend that the golden gates shutting off the High Altar were buried, none knows where, still persists.

There are the caves of Cheddar and Wookey Hole, far-famed for their beauty of form, with stalagmites which grow an inch in a hundred years, exquisitely coloured. The great gorge at Cheddar is the bed of a river which cut it from out from the limestone soil. The indigenous species of Cheddar Pink grows here. There are the trim country towns of Martock and Somerton which, being off the main routes, still preserve their old-world complexions. A little to the south-west are the lowlands of Sedgemoor, where the folk still cut peat and plait withy baskets. There yet lingers the memory of the awful days of Monmouth, of the merciless slaughter of peasants and the yet more terrible visitations of Judge Jefferies. There are the lake villages of Mere, relics of the New Stone Age, and of late very thoroughly excavated. But the greatest glories of our county lie in the south-west where, almost at the Devon border, the plateau of Exmoor rises. The rock is old and barren, and the vegetation, at best only heather, gorse and wimberry bushes; but the air is cold and crisp, tanged with salt from the sea. Here and there are pockets of fertile soil, where little villages have sprung up. Such a one is Oare—far-famed in "Lorna Doone". "I, John Ridd, of the parish of Oare, in the county of Somerset." Its tiny church, with black oak pews and white-washed ceiling, contains old wooden tablets to yeoman farmers "upright and goode men," and the Ridds' tomb-stones in the Churchyard. There is a little lane barely wide enough for a car which meanders through glorious valleys to Brendon and just over the Devon border, the majestic Doone valley.

This country is full of legend and superstition. The rural folk are mostly Celtic and still retain the wild, poetic, fanciful nature of their forefathers. For them the world is peopled with spirits. There are dryads in the trees, pixies and will o' the wisp on the moorland. Even the winds have voices.

There is the custom of telling the bees of a death in the family and of putting black crepe on the hive or the bees will surely forsake their home; and the legend of the woman who turned herself into a hare at night, the better to pursue the devil's work. This they know to be true for she was caught one night in a trap and limped for ever after. It was she who cast the evil eye on the cattle and cursed all the crops so that the fields were barren.

At Wookey Hole there lived a witch who was turned to stone by a pious monk from Glastonbury—a follower of the band, which, led by Joseph of Arimathea, rested there. Then as he planted his staff on the ground it blossomed and was called The Flowering Thorn.

Few country folk, even to-day, will venture, at night, past the sites where sheep-stealers were hanged, or suicides lie buried at cross roads with stakes through their hearts; and the site of a murder is accursed for all time.

In lighter vein is the myth of Jack Fleet, who being brought to the gallows asked, as a last request, to be given three jumps and he jumped right away.

Many have heard the devil's coach go rattling down the lanes, have stood in the hedge to avoid it and have felt the rush of wind at its passing, but to see it is death.

In the south is the tale of a lady who, being in a trance, was taken for dead and buried. In the night came the faithless steward to steal her jewels but her wedding ring stuck fast and awoke her. Then she arose and returned to her husband.

All these stories have the taste and character of England. Long may it endure unspoiled.



#### MONTEFIORE HALL

**U**NTIL the present, Montefiore Hall has had a very successful term especially as new members have slightly increased.

We thank Russell and Connaught Halls for their most enjoyable entertainments and hope shortly to have the opportunity of returning their hospitality.

#### CONNAUGHT HALL

First of all, we welcome our new warden, the Rev. F. Tindall, to Connaught Hall. He has already settled down amongst us, and impressed us by his firm but fair and good-humoured conduct of Hall matters.

We are also pleased to have with us seven students from various European and Asiatic countries. Our native freshers have recovered remarkably well from their initial ordeal, and many of them are playing a useful part in the athletic and social activities of the College.

Our annual Entertainment was again, we believe, a conspicuous success. A large number of staff and students were present, and received with enthusiasm the items in our short concert, particularly the creditable efforts of our hastily-formed choir. The Junior Common Room, tastefully decorated by a small band of willing workers, presented an air of subdued comfort and beauty, entirely appropriate to the occasion.

## HIGHFIELD HALL

The important event of the term, to us, was Highfield entertainment ; in spite of the illness of our chief performer, which threatened to wreck the show at the last moment, in spite of the rain which nearly washed away our gallant band of foresters in quest of decorations, the evening was, we venture to say, a success. We hope our guests enjoyed it as much as we did—from the cutting of sandwiches in the morning to the washing of the last plate at night ! We take this opportunity of thanking Russell, Connaught and Montefiore Halls for their hospitality this term, and anticipate a pleasant evening at Stoneham on Dec. 5th.

The cultural, social and athletic life of Hall has been well in evidence this term ; Mademoiselle Laboulle has instituted a French table at dinner, and we greatly appreciate her kindness ; discussion groups on Modern English Literature are held every third Sunday evening in the library, and we have a new picture (by F. Goodall) in the Dining Hall. The German debate was one of the best we have heard for some time, and we were honoured that it was held at Highfield. Early in the term, our morning peace was broken by juniors getting up to train—their ardour has cooled by now, but the supporters of the Women's Boat Club are as keen as ever : we wish them every success in their struggle against financial difficulties and male prejudice.

Last but not least—something that affects us all : our extended week-night leave.



#### LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY

**T**HIS term's programme has been hindered, so far, by the absence from College of some of our Committee members, who are on School Practice. Two meetings were held at the beginning of the Session, addressed by Dr. Ford and the Rev. Maxwell Janes, and were fairly well attended.

Several attractive meetings have been arranged for the second half of the term, and members are urged to make every possible effort to attend them.

#### S.C.M.

The S.C.M. entered a new phase of its existence this term. A genuine effort, involving much time and trouble on the part of its members, has been made to make the S.C.M. a living body witnessing in College to the teaching of Christ.

The great event of this term is the Southern Inter-Collegiate Conference held at U.C.S., which will not take place until after the "West Saxon" has gone to press.

The general meetings, addressed by Dr. Lawton and Ronald Preston, the Industrial Secretary, attracted much interest, while the Discussion Group, held every Thursday lunch hour, seems to be fulfilling a great need, in that it provides students with an opportunity to discuss the place of religion in the world and in the individual to-day.

The Prayer Meetings, which are held at 8.40 on Tuesdays and Thursday mornings give students an opportunity of meeting together in corporate prayer.

## SOUTH STONEHAM GROUP TOC H

The Group is still in a strong position in spite of losing several of its members and is carrying on all its usual activities. The many enthusiastic probationers augur well for the future.

Meetings this term have been well attended and have included some energetic discussions. A large party from the Group attended the recent District Guest Night and had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

Next term we hope to have speakers on a wide range of topics which ought to prove most interesting and enlightening. Among the speakers will be Captain Macmillan of the Harbour Board Hydrographic Department. Meetings are held on alternate Tuesday evenings at 8.15 in the Vicarage, South Stoneham, and a hearty invitation is extended to YOU to come and see what Toc H means.

## CATHOLIC SOCIETY

We are pleased to see that our change of policy has been very successful. Social work has taken the place of rather academic meetings ; and so far there are only a few members who are not regularly occupied on one day of the week at least. Next term, however, we hope to find some work for everyone. As we do not meet very often, this is a good opportunity to mention that the authorities of Nazareth House are very grateful indeed for the services you have rendered.

We have had two successful open meetings this term, one addressed by Professor Temple of London University, and the other by Fr. Rice, O.S.B., M.A., Headmaster of Douai College. We owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Cock, who arranged for both these speakers to come down. We also thank the English Association for their co-operation at the Chesterton meeting on November 5th.

Those who are interested in the new book scheme are reminded that books may be obtained on application to the secretary. When read, they should be returned, or passed on to another member, as soon as possible. When we have more books, a list will be made, a shelf will be obtained, and some scientific system of issuing books will be thought out. Everything, in fact, will be much more business-like.

## ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY

The outstanding event of the term has been a very interesting and well-illustrated lantern lecture from Mr. A. J. Adams on Winchester Cathedral.

The Architectural Society would remind members and others that we have at our disposal a comprehensive library of books and photographs which all may borrow and consult.

## CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

The Choral Society has begun, amid enthusiasm, rehearsals for "H.M.S. Pinafore." We are proud of the finest collection of basses for many years but find it difficult to believe that this is the only kind of voice possessed by College men. Or is it only tenors who burn the midnight oil?

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

In spite of the fact that quite a number of our seniors have gone down, the membership has nevertheless remained about the same. Both of the lectures so far this session have been very well attended, and everything seems to point to a very successful year.

Although our spirits were somewhat damped owing to the inability of W. Stanley Lewis, of Exeter, to come and address us at our first meeting of the session, we were able to listen to a most interesting account by Mr. F. H. W. Green, B.A., M.Sc., of our own staff, of his ramble through Mecklenburg and Lower Silesia. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides, based on photographs taken by Mr. Green himself. Miss K. C. Boswell, B.A., M.Sc., also of our own staff, was the lecturer at our second meeting. She dealt with her journey through South Africa from Cape Town to Transvaal and back, with the aid of a number of most beautiful slides, mainly taken by herself.

Our forthcoming lectures are equally attractive, but they are much more specialized in their nature:—

Mr. K. C. Edwards, M.A., F.R.G.S., of Nottingham University College, on "Industrial Changes in Nottingham".

Mr. A. E. Moodie, of Municipal College, Portsmouth, on "The Karstlands of Croatia".

Professor P. W. Bryan, of Leicester, and the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey Office are also going to lecture to the Society in the near future.

With regard to other activities, the Society has organized a visit over the "Winchester Castle" on Dec. 3rd, whilst negotiations are still in progress with the Cunard-White Star Company for a visit to the "Queen Mary" next term. Also a visit to the Ordnance Survey has been arranged for next term.

## ROVER CREW

We have been busy this term with the extension of our Group to include a Scout Troop. After countless meetings and discussions we have at last attained our object and it was most pleasing that, at the meeting of the Local Association on Nov. 19th, our proposal was approved by a large majority—in spite of the solicitous interest taken in our academic work by one member who thought that College Rovers would not have time to run a troop!

Hitherto it has been our practice to help with troops in the town, but this has been confined to only a few of us and no one has been able to take out a warrant. Now we have our own troop to manage, every Rover will assist the Scoutmaster in turn, and three members of the Crew hope to take out warrants as A.S.M.'s.

We should be able to make this Troop one of the best in Southampton and shall thereby be performing a more concrete contribution to Scouting than has previously been possible.

The troop will be an open one but will be known as the "College Scout Troop". We are grateful to Mr. F. J. Hemmings of Taunton's School for helping us in the matter of recruiting.

Headquarters will be at the College and we hope to secure a hut for our permanent use.

Our Senior Rover Mate, E. G. Smith, first proposed this scheme last session, pointing out that we might well follow the example of the Oxford University Rovers in this matter: we have been unfortunate in not having his help this term as he has been away from College on teaching practice.

T. B. F. Norris is to be appointed Group Scoutmaster.

## CHESS CLUB

It is but fitting that, at the commencement of another session, the Chess Club should express its appreciation of the interest taken in it and the help given to it by Mr. J. Spedan Lewis, President of the Hampshire Chess Association. At the close of last session, the College played a match against the John Lewis Partnership—which they won—and on this occasion, Mr. Lewis presented to Connell the Championship Cup of which he himself was the donor, and the tournament for which is once again in progress.

With a good number of last season's players still on our roll, and with not a few recruits, the Club started the session in confidence that it could put up a fine performance. Circumstances of varying nature have, however, slightly marred our prospects, while the recruits have not yet settled down. The "A" team has lost one game only, when it was not at full strength, and has moved into second place in the First Division. The "B", playing in the same division, has managed by virtue of board average to maintain fifth place. The "C" team, which plays in Division II, also occupies fifth place.

A new venture this session was the entering of the "A" team in the Hampshire League, First Division: only one match has as yet been played—a victory for College by 5 boards to 1.

Considerable interest was created by a freshers' tournament, which is now nearing completion, while some members are showing commendable keenness in ladder-climbing. On the whole, the Club has proved itself worthy of the distinction of being the oldest in College, though some members lack the will-to-win, which is required.



## CROSS COUNTRY CLUB

The Cross Country Club is fortunate in having eleven seniors up this year, and the loss of two colours men, Bagwell and Irons, is not felt so acutely as was at first anticipated. Newton-Smith has abandoned rowing for running, a decision which he cannot have regretted, for already he bids fair to become one of the soundest runners the Club has possessed.

Although recruiting from the Freshers has not been as fruitful as was hoped, there are several who should develop into good pack men next season. The pack at present is strong, and by the time of the Quadrangular and Inter-Collegiate fixtures next term, we expect to be in very good training, and are confident of doing well in these important races.

This term, at the time of going to press, we have won two matches and lost two.

